Could I rage and rore as doth the ſea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for ſhe was borne at Sea) I haue named ſo,
Heere, I charge your charity withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beſeeching you to giue her
Princely training, that ſhe may be mannerd as ſhe is borne.

Cleon. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne ; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall vpon you, muſt in your childe
Be thought on, if neglect ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duty : but if to that,
My nature need a ſpurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the ende of generarion.

Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodneſſe,
Teach me toot without your vowes, till ſhe be married,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnſiſterd ſhall this heyre of mine remaine,
Though I ſhew will in't ; ſo I take my leaue :
Good Madame, make me bleſſed, in your care
In bringing vp my childe.

Dion. I haue one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere to my reſpect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madame, my thanks and prayers.

Cleon. Wee'l bring your Grace to the edge of the ſhore, then giue you vp to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentleſt windes of heauen.

Per. I will embrace your offer, come deereſt Madame,
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares, looke to your little Miſtris, on whoſe grace you may depend heereafter : come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thayſa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and ſome certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command :
Know you the Character ?

Thai. It is my Lords, that I was ſhipt at ſea, I well remember, euen on my learning time : but whether there deliuered, by the holy

holy Gods, I cannot rightly
wedded Lord, I nere ſhall ſee
me to, and neuer more haue io
Cler. Madame, if this you pu
Dianaes Temple is not diſtant
Where you may abide till you
Moreouer if you pleaſe, a Nee
Shall there attend you.
Thai. My recompence is tha
Yet my good will is great, tho

Enter Gowe

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arri
Welcomd and ſetled to his ow
His wofull Queene we leaue a
Vnto *Diana* there's a Votariſſ
Now to *Marina* bend your mi
Whom our faſt growing ſcen
At *Tharſus*, and by *Cleon* train
In muſickes letters, who hath
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the art
Of generall wonder : but alac
That monſter Enuy oft the wr
Of earned praiſe, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treaſons
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* ha
One daughter and a full grow
Euen ripe for marriage fight:
Hight *Philoten* : and it is ſaid
For certaine in our ſtory, ſhe
Would euer with *Marina* be,
Beet when they weaude the ſl
VVith fingers long, ſmall, wh
Or when ſhe would with ſhar
The Cambricke which ſhe m
By hurting it, or when too'th
She ſung, and made the night

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH